REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1892,

Miscellancous.

C. MITCHELL.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Resident dentist. In building near Metho-dist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentle-ness in operating.

Botele.

HOTEL MCCONNELL

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, &c.

HOTEL BELNAP,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. GREEN & CONSER, Proprietors.

First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the beaness part of town. Free bus to and from crans and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

A MERICAN HOTEL.

BROOKVILLE, PA. BUFFINGTON & LONG, Prop's.

Omnibus to and from all trains. Europear restaurant. House heated and lighted by gas. Hot and cold water. Western Union Telegraph office in building. The hotel is fitted with all the modern conveniences.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

BROOKVILLE, PA.,

JAS. H. CLOVER, Proprietor.

Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURG RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBols, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanea, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.
On and after May 22d, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

Jows: 7:10 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:15 n. m. mixed train for

Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Punsxutawney.

10:05A.M.—Buffalo and Rochester mall—For Brockwayville, Ridgway Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanea, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Eric.

10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Brydford.

Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmon, Seet mon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Rig Bun, Punxsutawney and Walston.

7:55 P.M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Rig Run and Punxsutawney.

Trains Arrive—7:10 A. M., Accommodation Punxsutawney; 10:25 A. M., Mail from Walston and Punxsutawney; 10:25 A. M., Accommodation from Bradford; 1:29 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford; 1:29 P. M., Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 4:59 P. M., Mail from Buffalo and Rochester; 7:58 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for pussage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRK, Agent, Falls creek, Pa. Geo. W. HARTLETT, Jos. P. THOMPSON General Supt. Gen. Phs. Agent Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y. Gro, W. Ban. General Supt. Bradford, Pa.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY A COMPANY commencing Sunday June 26, 1892. Low Grade Division.

STATIONS.	No.1.	No.5.	No. 9.	101	100
Red Bank Lawwonham New Bethlehem Oak Bidge Miliville Maysville Summerville Fronkville Fuller Reynoldsville Fancoust Fulle Creek Du Bots Sabula Winternburn Penfield Tyler Glen Fisher Renezette Grant Driftwood	10 54 11 25 11 35 11 39 11 43 12 43 12 43 1 00 1 17 1 30 1 43 1 2 43	4 30 4 44 5 25 5 25 5 33 5 5 33 6 14 6 32 6 50 7 7 13	A. M. 6 154 6 54 6 52 7 10 7 17 7 40 7 40 8 93 8 83 8 83	10 55	P. M.

WESTWARD.								
STATIONS.	No.2	No.	No.10	106	110			
Driftwood Grant Benezette Glea Fisher Tyler Penfield Winterburn Sabula DuBols Falls Creek Pancoast Beynoldsville Fullen Brookville Maysville Maysville Milville Oak Ridge Lawsonham Ked Hank	1 34 1 42 1 50 2 21 2 30 2 58	7 00 7 18 7 29 7 46 8 88 8 85		P. M. 11 05 11 15	F. M			

A. M. A. M. P. N. A. M. P. M. Trains daily except Sunday.

DANID McCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. AGT., Pittsburg, Pa

DO YOU NEED A NEW ATTIRE?

If so, and you want a good fitting and well made suit at a reasonable figure you will re-ceive same by placing your order with

I.C. F roehlich.

THE ARTISTIC TAILOR, Next door to Hotel McConnell, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

AN ESOTERIC CLIMAX.

WHILE SPIKETOWN COUNTED SIXTY HOKO PREPARED IT.

A Professor of the Art of Legerdemain Entightens a Whole Town, at Fifty Cents a Head, on the Difficult and Exsperating Subject of Cooking.

Achody had ever heard of the celecated Hoko Effendi, but the public curiosity to see him was no less keep on that account. In the little western Illinois town on which he had alighted like a flaming meteor the visit of a professor of magic was an event. All that was known of him was that he had made his appearance about the time the stagecoach from Shacksville came in, and was supposed to have traveled in that conveyance; that he had procured the printing of several hundred small bills at the office of The Blizzard, promising to pay for them the next day.

The evening came. The price of admission to the entertainment was fifty cents for adults, children half price. The celebrated Hoko Effendi was his own doorkeeper, and the people of Spiketown turned out in large numbers. There were no deadheads except the editor of The Blizzard and the dignified citizen who wore dyed whiskers and a plug hat and announced himself at the or as the mayor.

When the audience began to show impatience by the customary stamping and whistling the world renowned master of Egyptian magic accepted the proffered services of a leading citizen as door-keeper, and went back to the other end of the hall, disappearing behind the curtain that hid the stage from view.

In a few moments he reappeared in front of it and made a pleasing little speech, requesting close attention to the performances, as many of them were of a nature bordering on the supernatural, and promising an entertainment such as had never been seen in Spiketown be-fore and never would again.

After performing some curious tricks with playing cards he announced that the first really difficult feat of the even ing would now be shown—that of baking a cake without a pan of any kind.
"The ladies in the audience," he said,

when they bake cakes are compelled to use butter, eggs, flour, sugar, fla-voring extract, icing, etc., and put the dough in a hot oven. I do nothing of the kind. By the simple manipulation of flour, sirup and a hat I can produce a cake in five minutes that no lady in this house can equal. I will make a cake that a committee, to be selected from the ladies present, will pronounce the best they ever tasted. I will do this or forfeit \$100. Will some kind gentleman present oblige me with the loan of a high silk hat? Will you kindly lend it to me? I will take excellent care of it and return it in a few minutes."

The mayor demurred Your hat will not be injured in the least, sir," the magician assured him. "I will return it to you without spot, blemish or stain. I have performed this feat thousands of times without the slightest injury to the hat."

The mayor of Spiketown, thus ap-pealed to, relented and handed over his cherished tile.

Then the magician produced a pan of four, which was passed through the audience and unenimously declared to be genuine. He poured it into the hat. Then a quart measure half filled with New Orleans molasses was produced and handed around in like manner, pronounced the pure, unadulterated stuff, and returned to him. He poured this into the hat likewise and stirred the mixture with a long lead pencil. The mayor involuntarily gasped and half rose in his seat, but the wizard again assured him, with a wave of the hand, "Your hat will not be injured in the least, my dear sir," and he proceeded

with the performance.
"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, we will witness the finale, the denoo-mong, as it were, of this unparalleled feat of illusion. I can bake the cake just as well on a piece of ice as on a stove; but as there happens to be a good fire in this stove near the stage I will bake it on top of that. Again, I assure you, Mr. Mayor, that your hat will not suffer the slightest

Stepping briskly down, he placed the

hat on the stove. "Now, good people," he said, "keep your eye on that hat till you can

unt sixty. I will retire and prepare the esoteric climax." He mounted the stage and stepped be-

hind the curtain. In a moment a smoke went up from the hat on the stove, and the odor of

something scorching filled the air.

The mayor of Spiketown jumped from his seat, and with one bound cleared the

distance that lay between him and the

He lifted his precious hat. The bottom, or rather the top, fell out. The sizzing batter spread out over the stove. It hissed and sputtered and flew. And even as the mayor held up the hideous ruin of his once glorious hat and locked through it some of the yel-lowish mixture trickled on his vest and ran in sad, discouraged, bilious looking streams down his trousers.

His honor spoke a few words briefly, but emphatically—through his hat—and broke for the stage, followed by several of the leading citizens of Spiketown.

Behind the curtain were several empty

arrels and boxes. And the back window was up.

Somewhere in this wide, wide world the wizard of the Orient is still wandering about, happily unaware doubtless that a standing reward of fifty dollars and no questions asked is offered by the

mayor of Spiketown, Ills., for informa-tion that will lead to the arrest and conviction for the crimes of grand larceny, malicious injury and obtaining money under false pretenses, of one Hoko Ef-endi, master of Egyptian magic and so called eighth wonder of the world.— Chicago Tribune.

A Red Headed Girl Talks.

Many people in Chicago are familiar with the sight of a red headed girl who sometimes rides a spirited white horse through the principal streets of the city, and sometimes drives a team of whites attached to a chariot. The writer hailed her and brought her to and asked her of her mission. She asked if public opinion was to the effect that she was making a fool of herself. The answer to her query has no connection with the

story:
"I am making an honest living," she "I am not more conspicuous in my manner of doing that than are some others of my own sex in what they do. I know, and so do you, that if I put on a subdued garb and went from house to house with the articles I have to sell I would not make enough to earn a cracker. I must do something that has in it an attempt at originality in order to make people talk. When one succeeds in doing that an entering wedge has been found. It is a hard world to please. If I pursued some beaten path and failed the world would turn me away when I became an object of char-I would be a burden to society. As it is I make my own living. I suppose I am severely criticised for the show I make of myself. In addition to the conspicuous part I play, that which I have to offer is meritorious and contributes to health. Am I as big a fool as some think me?"

And with that she clucked to her gray steed, which cantered away, carrying on its back philosophy as well as red hair. -Chicago Tribune.

Genuine Bay Rum.

Genuine bay rum is always imported. There are few barber shops where the genuine article is used. Genuine bay rum is manufactured only in the West Indies. It is the distillation of the reen leaves and berries of the bayberry tree. mixed with absolutely pure rum, St. Croix being used in the very best quality

of the preparation. There is but one true bayberry, but there are many varieties of it in the West Indies, and so closely do they resemble the Primemia oeris, or true bay, that great care is necessary in gathering the leaves, for the presence of a small quantity of the leaves of any other variety is sufficient to destroy the entire product of a still. Ripe berries are mixed in the still with the leaves. The best bay is distilled by steam in copper pipes, but the ordinary commercial spirit, such as bay rum is made from here, is distilled over an open fire. The genuine steam distilled bay spirit

is not only many times stronger than the other, but the refreshing odor that characterizes it is ten times as lasting. The West Indians find the true bay rum so necessary to their comfort among the numerous discomforts attending a life in the climate of their country that they use about all that is made, and h its scarcity in this and other countries. -Interview in New York Evening Sun.

Twenty-five Hundred People at Dinner Some time ago the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was entertained at a big banquet in the Waverley market, Edin-Two thousand five hundred guests sat down at table. There were 80 waiters, sixty wine butlers and fiftyfour superintendents engaged to wait

Two kitchens were specially erected in the market in which to prepare the banquet. One kitchen had fifty-four Bunsen hurners, representing one for each table. There were four large steam each table. There were four large steam boilers for heating puddings, seven stoves for the boiling of sauces and for frying purposes, and three boilers of large size, each with a capacity of about seventy gallons, for dealing with the plum puddings which formed part of

The quantities of viands were 150 turkeys, 200 fowls, 400 game pies, 2,500 oyster patties, 200 gallons of turtle soup. oyster patties, 200 gallons of turne soup, about half a ton of sirloin of beef, and jelly and cream shapes to the number of 600. There were 20,000 plates required and 30,000 pieces of silver, including spoons, knives and forks; 10,000 wine glasses and about a thousand pieces of decorative ware for the tables.—London

The Indigestible Banana.

"Next to pork," says a physician, "the banana is the most indigestible thing a person can eat, and if you will notice you will see them touched very sparingly by people with weak stomachs. an digest them, however, and don't nind the offensive odor, they are very courishing and one can make a meal on them that is in every way equal to a substantial lunch of bread and meat."— New York Tribune.

The Art of Conversation "Conversation," says a brilliant Amer-ican humorist, "is, in this generation, a

It was an art which our grandfathers studied perhaps more than any other. A gentleman, in the beginning of this century, was usually more ambitious to tell a story well or to state his argument clearly than to understand science or statecraft.—Youth's Companion.

CHINESE SWORDS.

SOME VERY REMARKABLE PRODUCTS OF WONDERFUL SKILL.

Two Bladed Swords That Are Valuable Curiosities-Wenpons That Display a High Degree of Workmanship-Terrible Looking Daggers.

Though Dr. Bedloe, the United States consul to Amoy, China, has started back to his post after his leave of absence, yet through the delays incident to the shipping of goods from such far off lands and in getting them through the custom house, some of his most inter-esting and valuable relics arrived only few days ago.

In his room at the Bellevue a reporter found the genial consul resting contentedly after his breakfast, as his eye roved contemplatively over a number of the most deadly and awful weapons ever conceived or executed by man. When asked about these curiously ugly swords the doctor said:

"I was asked to execute a commission for the Rev. Dr. C. M. Shep and, the distinguished Nebraska divine, a gentleman, who though a man of peace, has one of the finest, if not the very best, collections of swords and other weapons in the world. This led to my examining several hundred rare and curious weap ons sent me for inspection and approval. and these are a few of those I selected. No two are alike, and not one but what displays rare skill and inventive power on the part of the Chinese swordsmith.

"The handsomest of all is a general's saber, about 4½ feet long, slightly Japanese in style, with an edge like a razor and a point that would extort admiration from Colonel Jack Chin, of Louis ville. Unlike our own, the thickest part of the blade is the center. This gives great weight to the weapon, joined to the appearance of extreme lightness. The scabbard is made of hard, tough wood, lacquered to represent black iron incrusted with mother-of-pearl. The hilt is of black iron, molded in the form of a full blown rose, the petals of which have been drilled with small holes and these filled with bright brass bars.

"The most curious of the lot to my eye is the so called warrior's two bladed sword from He-ean. It is only about two feet long and in the scabbard looks very like the sword bayonet of our own army. The scabbard is plain but very neat and covered with white shagreen or sharkskin and trimmed with brass mountings. When you draw it the blade divides into two, each a facsimile of the other, double edged and spear pointed. The twin blades have a remarkable decoration made by drilling seven holes about an inch and a half and put in a zigzag line from hilt to point. These are filled with pure copper, which is ground down to form a smooth surface flush with the steel and polished to brightness.

"These seven stars, as they are called. are found in nearly all the martial weapons of Ho-nan and are relics of the weapons of Ho-nan and are relics of the old astrologic faith that still prevails in many parts of China. Its hold is se strong that if the copper falls out of one of the sword holes it is accepted as a sure precursor of death, and the luckless wielder of the blade usually commits suicide to escape further trouble.

"The short stabbing daggers which nad ravor cheeky with phraces and revo-lutionists, form a strong contrast with the weapons described. They are gen-erally so ugly that they would be ludi-crous were it not for the purposes to which they are applied. I have one which looks like a queerly made ace of spades fastened into a wire bound han-dle. To increase the artistic effect of the weapon, the armorer has bollowed out a shallow, spoon shaped concavity on either side of the blade and filled it in with blood red lacquer, the effect of which when suddenly drawn from a black sheath is very startling. Spades are not the only suit in the pack that is popular in the Mongolian mind. I have another weapon whose blade is a perfect ace of diamonds.

"Still another dagger is about the clumsiest affair of the kind I ever handled. The blade is a foot long, about three inches wide and half an inch thick. With its heavy brass hilt and gigantic guard it weighs over three pounds. If set with a long handle it could be used as an ax. It is used chiefly by the Black Flags and other Celestial outlaws, who, in addition to using it in the ordinary manner, throw it with

fatal precision.
"The ex-resident of Tonquin told me that during the late war he had known instances in which the knives were thrown with such force that they would go through a man's body and show two inches of bloody steel beyond his back. The handles of many of these instru-ments of death are finished with what

we call pistol grips.
"The most dreadful looking weapon of all was the executioner's sword used of all was the executioner's sword used by the late beadsman of Amoy. It is of Manchurian type, being long, almost straight, very heavy and keenly edged. It is used with one hand and is shaped and wound so as to give the executioner a powerful hold upon his weapon. Upon the blade near the hilt are Chinese characters recording the tragic events in which it has taken active part. My in-torpreter told me that they record no less than 193 human lives which it has taken out of this world. This record mhances its value. A new sword of the same kind could be bought for ten or twelve dollars, but for this sword with its ghastly history the thrifty broker wanted \$200 cash.

"He evidently thought, although it came high, I must have it, and accord ingly raised the ante. He was a very heartbroken creature when I returned it with the editorial line so familiar to the spring poet, 'Declined with thanks.' word of caution as to these oriental swords and daggers. Very many of them are poisoned, so that a mere scratch will cause death. The venom is produced by steeping the blade in decayed human blood, and is one of the deadliest known to physiological science."—Philadelphia Times.

Most people who go to Europe have their minds set upon at least one place or thing which they are particularly anxious to see. This was the case with a philanthropic spinster who had lived in Boston for nearly sixty years. She was to make her first trip abroad with her

brother's family.

Her sister-in-law and her nieces were mapping out the route for the six months' travel and presently one of them said to her:

"Now you must tell where you want to go, Aunt Martha; we're all choosing

our favorite place, you see."
"I've heard you all agree on Italy,"
replied Aunt Martha, "and that's the only country I have any special desire

"Why, how nice!" said the niece, in a tone of pleased surprise. "We were talking it over the other day, and mam ma said she was afraid you wouldn't care to go to Italy. You're so fastidious; and though Italy is lovely of course there

are drawbacks, you know."
"I presume there are drawbacks," said Miss Martha, shivering a little. heard of them. But you mustn't think I want to be sitting about on cathedral steps or damp walls, my dear. All I wish is to see some organ grinders in their native land. That has been my desire for a good many years. The men

we see here look so poor and ill fed!
"I thought perhaps," added Miss Mar-tha, "if I could learn enough Italian to make myself understood by those men it would be a good thing for me to advise them not to come to America.

"I think it would!" said her listeners in chorus, but Miss Martha never understood why they laughed .- Youth's Com-

His Famous Cook. Last week two men each looking for

cook met on Woodward avenue and had a talk on hired help. This week they met again.

"Did you find a cook?" asked the first. 'No. Did you?"

"Yes. I've got one." "Any good?"
"Best I ever had in the house."

"No! Where did you find her?"
"Down in Ohio."

"Have to go after her yourself?" Yes. "How did you happen to hear of her?" "A friend of mine told me about her

first, and I wrote to her on a venture." "How did you ever persuade her to me so far from home?

"Blessed if I know, but she seems per-Sectly well satisfied now. "Do you think I could get a mate to

er at the same place?"
"Well, no. I think not."

"There isn't another like her, I should

who is she?"

"My wife." "Oh," said the other man, and when he came home he went right out into his kitchen and kissed the cook four times, and his wife really seemed to think he was doing the proper thing .-Detroit Free Press.

Good the Earthworm Does

"The earthworm performs a very important part in the economy of nature," said Professor Ernest Parker, of Nash-"The little creature is the worst despised of all animal life, but from discoveries of my own, after long and patient investigation, he has gained my respect, and I want to extend to him assurances of my most distinguished consideration. I have found out that but for the earthworm's indefatigable toil very little of vegetation would grow except by irrigation. He is the greatest producer of moisture and heat in the rorld.

"He does more than the plowshare to disturb the latent heat and moisture of the earth and bring them to the top soil to vitalize and invigorate the struggling roots of the grasses, grains and other forms of vegetation. But for him great stretches of the western agricultural lands would become vast deserts. Therefore, all hail to the earthworm and bad luck to the man who thinks he is fit only for fish bait!"-St. Louis Globe-Demo

The Color of Chameleons As chameleons become tame they

change color less rapidly, showing the habit is protective and to render itself less conspicuous. Indeed the power of suming the color of its surroundings is the only protection these helpless creatures possess. Mr. S. D. Bairstow informs me that he was watching a chameleon on a shrub when a wild bee or two came out of a nest close by, and im-mediately the chameleon doffed its bright green dress and became nearly black, and therefore inconspicuous. Their turning white at night may find reason in the predominance of shining foliage in the South Afrisan trees. The leaves of most trees and shrubs glisten under the bright stars and the moonlight and so appear white. A chameleon without reasoning on cause and effect sees bright white leaves and imitater them.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

HOW SHE EARNED HER CAR FARE.

A Woman's Ingenious Device for Making Money When She Was Hard Up.

A woman who is now one of the most promising artists in this city, and was lucky enough to get two of her pictures accepted by the Academy, told this story of how she earned her first few pennies in this big town:

"When I came here five years ago I had just twenty-five dollars in my pocket. I got a room-or rather a cubby hole next to the roof-in a boarding house on Fourth avenue. It was three weeks before I got anything to do. Then place was offered to me as a primary teacher in a private school. The salary when you got it was fair enough in amount. But unfortunately you didn't get it until the end of the month.

"By this time there was such a tre mendous hole in my twenty-five dollars that I couldn't afford to move up town. The expressage alone would have made a bankrupt of me, for I had absolutely come to such a pass that I hadn't enough money to pay my car fare to the school and back. I explained the situation to the landlady. She really was a dear old thing. She told me I wasn't to worry about my board bill. She was perfectly willing to wait for her money until the end of the month.

"That was one weight off my mind of course, but I had still to grapple with the car fare problem. I was in a dread-ful pickle really. For four days I walked every inch of the way—44 miles each journey. I used to leave the house at 7 in the morning so as to reach the

school promptly at 9.
"Then I found that my French heels were beginning to give out, so I saw that my efforts to save money by pedes-trianism would only get me into deeper water. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"There were three old maiden sisters who occupied the double bedded room on the second floor. They were with-out exception the fattest women I ever saw. The most etherial of the three weighed 300 if she weighed a pound. They were all saleswomen in one of the big Sixth avenue stores. They used to scramble down to breakfast in the morning in a fluster at the last moment.

One of them confided to me that it was their shoes which always delayed them. They almost expired every morning in their attempts to button them. She told me in a tone of the utmost resignation that eventually she expected their shoes would be the death of all their shoes would be the death of all three of them. Well, what do you sup-pose I did? I took that woman aside and I said to her: 'Now look here, I'll make a bargain with you. I want to make a little extra money just now, for I am dreadfully hard up. If you and your two sisters will each pay m twenty cents a week I'll come and but-

ton your shoes for you every morning."
"The poor old things fairly jumped at the offer. They insisted on paying my-first week's salary—sixty cents—in advance. It left me ten cents to the good you see, because on Saturday there was no school. After the first week they insisted on raising my salary to an even quarter from each. Well, I buttoned their shoes regularly for two months. Then I had to resign my position, as I was moving to a boarding house up

town. When I bade them goodby the peor old things actually cried over me, and presented me with the loveliest little silver buttonhook you ever saw. I sent them tickets for the private view the other night. They all came, fatter than ever, and went into ecstacies over my pictures. The eldest one told me with tears in her eyes that ever since I left them they had been obliged to abandon button shoes. 'Now, my dear,' she said with a huge sigh of regret, 'we can wear nothing but elastic sides.' "—New York Evening Sun.

Breaking Up a Witness.

In no way can barristers better display their acuteness than by seeing at a glance the character of the witnesses they are about to examine and by treating them accordingly. Erskine was famous at this. In a case in which he was eugaged a commercial traveler came into the witness box dressed in the height of fashion and wearing a starched white necktie folded in the Brummel fold. In an instant Erskine knew his man, though he had never seen him before, and said to him, with an air of carele ment, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive." Greatly astonished at this opening remark, the man admitted that he was. "Exactly," observed the great cross examiner, in a conversational tone; "I knew it from

the absurd tie of your neckcloth."

The roars of laughter—coming from every person in the court, with the single exception of the unfortunate witness—which followed this rejoinder completely effected Erskine's purpose, which was to put the witness in a state of agi-tation and confusion before touching on the facts concerning which he had come to give evidence.-London Illustrated

Theories and Children

The very children of today are afflicted with theories. "Hurry, mamma," said a seven-year-old youngster passing an alley whence issued a bad smell, "we'll get a disease." If the little folks have taken to a knowledge of and dread of microbes and bacteria life must be a burden to them. It takes all the adult philosophy one has to bear up against the horrors which, according to this and that authority, are ever lying in wait for us. It is a pity that the children should walk under the same shadow.— Her Point of View in New York Times.